

last cup of the daylight. On
 the left,
 the village huts are seen
 through the
 trees with their evening lamps
 lighted,
 like a veiled mother watching
 by her
 sleeping children. Nature,
 thou art
 my slave. Thou hast spread
 thy
 many-coloured carpet in the
 great hall
 where I sit alone, like a
 king, and
 watch thee dance with thy
 starry
 necklace twinkling on thy
 breast.
 [SHEPHERD GIRLS *pass by,*
singing.

SONG OF THE SHEPHERD
 GIRLS

*The music comes from across
 the dark
 river and calls me.
 I was in the house and happy.
 But the flute sounded in the
 still air of
 night,
 And a pain pierced my
 heart.
 Oh, tell me the way who know
 it,—
 Tell me the way to him.
 I will go to him with my
 one little
 flower,*